



THE Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 25 Feb. 1959

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WHERE to go...WHAT to see

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

THE crush barriers should be going up in Goldsmiths' Hall, in the City, next month for the **Exhibition of the Treasures of Cambridge** (17 March-18 April). The poor scholar is a traditional figure, but his prestige has brought our senior universities cultural riches they are not niggardly in sharing. You will be able to see marvels of workmanship in gold and silver (though I am sorry to notice only one inkstand among battalions of drinking cups), priceless illuminated and autograph manuscripts, pictures and *memento mori* from Cranmer's purse to Byron's cap. Bound to be a popular exhibit is a mazer described decorously as "a medieval joke." When filled too full the contents were syphoned out through a tube.

The late Stoll Theatre, now just a Kingsway memory, gained a sunset fame with the seasons of international dancing sponsored by Peter Daubeney. His newest venture is a drama season at the **Princes Theatre** (16 March-4 May), starting with a three-week visit of the *Comedie Française* (last here in Coronation year). This is followed by the Old Vic production of *Ghosts*, and finally a week of the

Malmö City Theatre from Sweden. The head of this company is Ingmar Bergman, who directed the films *The Seventh Seal* and *Wild Strawberries*.

Readers in the Birmingham neighbourhood (and specialists in the art anywhere) would be well advised to visit the recently opened **Exhibition of British Embroidery** at the city's Museum & Art Gallery (until 31 March). The Queen has lent an embroidered portrait from Hampton Court, and residents in the district, including Lord Leigh and the Earl of Bradford, have

helped generously, as have ecclesiastical foundations.

Anglers now look to their rods and hatbands, for **trout fishing** (England & Wales) begins on Sunday. Turf enthusiasts are getting ready for one of the year's best steeplechase events, **Cheltenham National Hunt Festival** (3-5 March). While, for the somewhat sadistic pleasure of watching a test to exhaustion, I can recommend the **Professional Squash Players' Championship** at the Royal Automobile Club, from today until next Monday.

sphere; game pies, steak & kidney puddings and suchlike. Good wine list."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

West Side Story (Her Majesty's Theatre). "Appeals . . . to anybody who loves a strong story, told simply and well."

The Rose Tattoo (New Theatre). ". . . remarkable study of a Sicilian peasant woman living in the shack civilization of Florida. . . . Out of plain, colloquial speech Mr. Tennessee Williams draws extraordinary vitality and a rich, earthy poetry."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

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(from recent contributions):

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BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

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Miss Anne D. Doughty-Tichborne to Jonkheer John Loudon: *She is the eldest daughter of Sir Anthony & Lady Doughty-Tichborne, Tichborne Park, Alresford, Hants. He is the son of Jonkheer & Mrs. J. H. Loudon, Grosvenor Square, W.1, and also of Aerdenhout, Holland*



Yevonde



Miss Margaret Dorothy Anne Iliffe to Lt. Kurth Sprague: *She is the daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Iliffe, and lives at Basildon Park, Berks, and Jamaica. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. M. E. Sprague, of New York and Virginia*

Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin to Sir George Brooke, Bt.: *She is the daughter of the Earl & Countess of Dunraven, Kilgobbin, Adare, Co. Limerick. He is the son of the late Sir Francis Hugh Brooke*

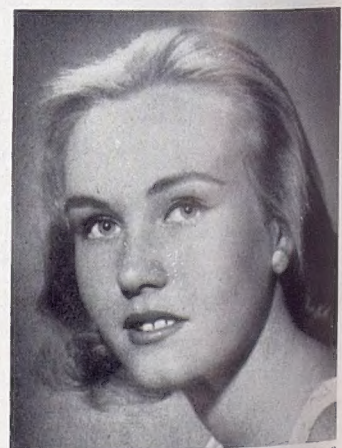


C. C. Fennell



Sanett & Spears

Miss Camilla J. V. Bissell Thomas to Capt. Archibald F. S. Burdett Blackett. *She is the daughter of Capt. & Mrs. H. G. Bissell Thomas, Chantry, Cap Verde, Jersey. He is the son of Major & Mrs. C. W. S. Blackett of Arbigland, by Dumfries*



Freddie Yowell

Miss Carol Anne Villiers to Mr. Kenneth Oswald Fawcett: *She is the only daughter of Wing Commander & Mrs. C. P. Villiers, Worthing, Sussex, and Nairobi, Kenya. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. F. Fawcett, Kitale, Kenya*



DOONE BEAL has been ill in Rome. Her weekly **PASSPORT** column will be resumed next week.

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Pearce—Burrell: Miss Rowena Pearce, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. M. H. Pearce, Brackenhill, Inyanga, Southern Rhodesia, married Mr. Raymond Burrell, eldest son of Sir Walter & the Hon. Lady Burrell, Knepp Castle, Horsham, Sussex, at St. Catherine-on-the-Down, Inyanga



Urquhart—Ransley: Miss Valerie R. W. Urquhart, younger daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. W. H. W. Urquhart, Cheltenham Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.3, married Capt. David E. Ransley, R.A., younger son of Mr. & Mrs. A. B. Ransley, The Bridge Cottage, Barham, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



Lloyd—Oura: Miss Auriole Mary Lloyd, daughter of Mr. & the late Mrs. F. N. Lloyd, Knowl Hill House, Kingsclere, Newbury, married Mr. Peter Oura, son of Mr. & Mrs. H. L. Oura, The Round House, Benson, Oxford, at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street



Hobhouse—Headlam: Miss Sarah Hobhouse, daughter of Sir John & Lady Hobhouse, Glebe Court, West Monkton, married Mr. Christopher G. Headlam, son of Lady Vera & the late Mr. M. F. Headlam, Pré Mill House, St. Albans, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Pratt—Whall: Miss Frances Pratt, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. F. Pratt, Sunningdale, Berkshire, married Lt. David C. Whall, R.A.S.C., son of Mr. & Mrs. A. W. Whall, Catford, London, S.E.6, at the parish church, Windlesham, Surrey



Des Voeux—Carlisle: Miss Sandra Des Voeux, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Des Voeux, Trenoweth, St. Ives, Cornwall, married Mr. Mark Carlisle, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. P. E. Carlisle, South Bank, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Braithwaite—Hodge: Miss Gillian Sara Braithwaite, daughter of Mrs. & the late Air V.-M. F. J. St. G. Braithwaite, Marloes Rd., W.8, married Mr. David Hodge, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Hodge, Bury St. Eds., at St. Mary Abbots, W.8

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This new photograph of Princess Alexandra was taken by Cecil Beaton before she left with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, on their three-week tour of Latin America. After visits to Mexico and Peru they will fly to Chile and later see Brasilia the new capital of Brazil being built in the jungle



SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE
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25 February 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: The Paris Collections—eight pages of news in pictures. Also: Bernard Buffet at home, Sauna in the Snow and Mary Macpherson on The Bridge Boom

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Westminster brings out the silver plate

by JENNIFER

THE annual evening reception given by the Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster at the Savoy is always a colourful and enjoyable affair, the women wearing gay evening dresses and the men their orders and decorations. This year Mr. David Cobbold is the Mayor and was host to 600 guests, with his charming wife as hostess. (Pictures on p. 344-45.) A buffet was arranged around two sides of the large ballroom, and the beautiful silver plate of the City of Westminster was on view in the adjoining room. Many representatives of the Diplomatic Corps were at the party, also members of both Houses of Parliament, the Mayors and Mayoresses of other metropolitan boroughs and interesting personalities from diverse spheres of life.

I had come on from the first night of *A Taste of Honey* at Wyndham's Theatre, so

arrived after some of the guests had left. One of the first people I met was the German Ambassador talking to Viscountess Lewisham, who is not only a Westminster Councillor but also a member of the London County Council and was looking pretty in red.

To holiday in India

Incidentally, Lady Lewisham's mother Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale (Barbara Cartland the novelist) published her 80th book this week. She is off for a tour of India next month with her elder son Mr. Ian McCorquodale during his vacation from Cambridge.

Other members of the Diplomatic Corps I saw were Mme. de Steensen-Leth (wife of the Danish Ambassador) and one of their attractive daughters, and the Ambassadors for Iran and Jordan, the latter with a group

Other People's Babies

Rosemary Ann, two years, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. R. Damper-Newell, West Row, Amersham, Bucks



Peter (two) and Amanda (nine months), children of Mr. & Mrs. V. M. E. Holt, Privett, Hants

of friends including Mrs. Maria-Luiza Arnold; also the popular Irish Ambassador Mr. H. J. McCann. Guests from the ecclesiastical world included the Bishop of Kensington & Lady Laura Eastaugh, the much-loved Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Alan Don, and that brilliant preacher the Rev. Charles Roderick of St. Michael's, Chester Square, and his wife.

A political group

Among M.P.s I met Viscountess Davidson busily moving round chatting to friends, and Cdr. Allan Noble with his attractive wife. He recently resigned as Minister of State for Foreign Affairs and is retiring from Chelsea (which he has represented since 1945) at the next general election. Already, I was told, there were nearly 100 applicants for the seat, including our host and Mr. Basil Marsden-Smedley who was at the party with his wife. Sir Norman Hulbert, M.P. for Stockport, accompanied by his wife, was looking bronzed and well and told me he had just returned from an official visit to Australia. I met two former Mayors and Mayoresses of Westminster Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Stirling and Sir Charles & Lady Norton. Both couples were greeting many friends.

Others present included Sir Terence Maxwell, Sir Arthur Penn, Sir Edward & the Hon. Lady Ford (the latter attractive in red) talking to Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Williams, Col. St. John & Lady Kathleen Birnie who have just had their younger daughter Mrs. Michael Lotbinière and grandson home on a visit from Southern Rhodesia, Sir Charles Petrie who came alone as his wife had influenza, Col. & Mrs. Terence Maxwell, and Mr. Spencer le Marchant (he is a Westminster Councillor) and his attractive auburn-haired wife.

Cannes tempts the golfers

By the time this issue appears I hope to have flown down to the South of France for a few days at Cannes and Monte Carlo. Here the weather has, I hear, been warm and sunny for some weeks. There have been the usual glamorous galas, and I plan to attend "Le Bal de Printemps" at Monte Carlo next Friday, and a gala at Les Ambassadeurs at

Cannes the following evening. Plenty of good ballet has been seen, and excellent concerts and exhibitions held. Much bridge has been played, and in the Casinos the stakes on occasions have been unusually high.

The golf course at Mougins is in fine condition and among those who have been playing regularly this month are the Duke of Norfolk who is down at Cannes for a short holiday with the Duchess of Norfolk, Capt. & Mrs. Peter Hastings Bass (she owns that good chaser Taxidermist, now favourite for the Gold Cup at Cheltenham next month), Major Jack Clayton, Mrs. Sydney Loder, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Thursby, and Mrs. Thursby's sister Mrs. Jean Garland, a fine player who came home early in the month as her only daughter Mrs. Charles Loyd was expecting her first baby.

Sir Simon & Lady Marks were staying in Cannes earlier this month, also Sir Nevile & Lady Bland and Sir Francis & Lady Glyn. Others enjoying this part of the world, which is so handy for us to fly to for sunshine, are Sir Thomas & Lady Butler, Sir Francis & Lady Winnington, Mr. Francis Williams, q.c., & Mrs. Williams, and Sir George & Lady Abercromby, who are all staying at the Metropole Hotel at Monte Carlo.

Help for Notting Hill

Lady Willoughby de Broke is chairman of the Tom Brown Ball to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on 26 May in aid of the Rugby Boys' Club, Notting Hill.

This is the first time Lady Willoughby de Broke has been chairman of a ball in London, and to get friends together to help she and Lord Willoughby de Broke held the first committee meeting in their beautiful Gilbert Street home. During the meeting (at which Lady Willoughby presided efficiently) 196 tickets for the ball were sold, bringing the total to 260, and only 300 remain. Many gifts were already promised for the lucky programme prizes and tombola, but many more are needed. Lady Willoughby de Broke said she would be grateful for any gifts worth "from 2s. 6d. to £2,600" and asked generous donors to send them to her at 59 Stanhope Gardens, Kensington, S.W.7, where the remaining tickets for the ball, which cost £2 10s., can also be obtained.

Viscount Cilcennin, president of the ball,

and chairman of the governing body of Rugby School, was present and spoke, as did Mr. Alec Briggs, the warden of the Rugby Boys' Club, who told of the work done by the club for young people in the Notting Hill district. Others who came to support this good cause were Lt.-Gen. Sir Henry Pownall who is hon. treasurer, Lord Geddes, Brig. Matthews, Lady Herbert, Mrs. John Dewar, Mrs. S. Leonard Simpson, Mrs. Philip Gribble, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Mrs. Rennie O'Mahony, Miss Edana Romney and Lady Edith Foxwell. Lady Edith told me she had cleared well over £2,000 by the Marathon Three-Day Tombola she ran for the National Playing Fields Association just before Christmas.

M.P.s met dress designers

Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Mactaggart came down from their charming home on the Border to give a delightful cocktail party in London during the collections shown by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. The party took place in the beautifully panelled old house in Savile Row which is the London headquarters of Pringle of Scotland. Mr. Bruce Mactaggart was there to help his parents look after their guests, who included the Duchess of Buccleuch (she has now left for a holiday in the sunshine), the Hon. Lady Eccles, chic in black, and the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir, with his witty wife. Lady Kilmuir is one of the best public speakers in the country, and was most amusing about the changing fashions she remembered.

Other guests were Mr. Vaughan Morgan, Minister of State at the Board of Trade, who admitted he had never seen a dress show, Mr. Niall MacPherson, M.P., the Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, Cdr. G. Donaldson, M.P. for Roxburgh, Selkirk & Peebles, & Mrs. Donaldson and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, looking lovely. She is off soon to stay at the British Embassy in Vienna with Sir James & Lady Bowker where she will be joined by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, M.P. for Monmouth, who will be on his way home from an official four months' tour in the Far East.

Lady Pamela Berry, who makes such an effective president of the Incorporated

Society of London Fashion Designers, was there. Earlier that day she had been hostess at a fork luncheon given by the society at a presentation of the associate members' new designs and ranges for 1959. Among members and associate members at the Mactaggarts' party were Mr. Victor Stiebel, Mr. Charles Creed, Mr. Mattli, Mr. Owen (of Lachasse), Mr. Owen Hyde-Clarke & Mr. Edward Rayne, who not only designs the Queen's shoes but also attractive and comfortable shoes for his shops.

A festival of flowers

I went to a sherry party at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in Westminster to hear plans for the forthcoming Festival of Flower Decoration to be held at the Hall on 14 and 15 July. This is to launch a new organization—the National Association of Flower Arrangement Societies of Great Britain. Since the first floral decoration society was formed in 1949 the movement has expanded rapidly and now embraces nearly 400 clubs and societies in Great Britain.

In 1955 the R.H.S. agreed to help in the co-ordination of these clubs and societies to form a Floral Decoration committee under the chairmanship of Lord Digby, with Mr. Stuart Ogg as vice-chairman. Now, with this new association, the 400 are going to stand on their own feet. The festival in the summer should afford great joy to all flower lovers: it is hoped to show exhibits from all over Great Britain.

Lord Digby, president of the new association, spoke at the party and Mr. Stewart Ogg, one of the new vice-presidents, said a few words. I also met Mrs. Cecil Pope, the other vice-president, Mr. & Mrs. John Watson, who are keen supporters of the movement, and Miss Julia Clements, well known for her books and lectures on flower decoration.

After the party guests were allowed to stroll around the Hall, where one of the fortnightly shows was in full swing. Blackmore & Langdon's show of polyanthus and bed of cyclamen caught my eye first, and then the beautiful show of some of the newest camellias from the R.H.S. gardens at Wisley and a prizewinning display of daffodils and other bulbs from Wallace & Barr's gardens at Tunbridge Wells.

Round the salons

A favourite meeting place in the afternoons during the next few weeks will be the gracious salons of the London couturiers. I spent an hour recently at Worth's restful pale green and gold showrooms in Grosvenor Street, where I saw some charming and highly wearable clothes. Others who have already been to see this collection are the Dowager Marchioness of Bute and her daughter Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart (who is planning her trousseau for her wedding to Capt. Michael Lowsley-Williams), Dame Felicity Peake, Mrs. John Robertson and her sister Mrs. Edward Barford, who had to cancel her trip to their home in Jamaica as Mr. Barford has recently had a severe eye operation and was unable to travel. I saw there, too, that sparkling and pretty young married the Hon. Mrs. Michael Pakenham,



Mr. Michael Y. Burges and his bride, formerly Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross (younger daughter of Brig. & the late Mrs. T. Fairfax-Ross, Hanlye, Cuckfield, Sussex), leave for their Swiss honeymoon. He is the son of Major & Mrs. Y. A. Burges, Catsfield Manor, Battle

who told me she seldom comes to London now from their home in Hampshire, the Hon. Lady Eccles who always looks chic, Mrs. Roger Ingham down from Yorkshire and her sister Mrs. James Dennis, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage and Lady Walker.

Another afternoon I went to Norman Hartnell's grey and mirror walled salon in Bruton Street, where I always find his evening dresses irresistible. There were also some extremely pretty day dresses and I feel certain we shall see several of his "Plain and Fancy," a becoming navy blue lace and chiffon coat and dress, in the Royal Ascot enclosure in June. Among those looking at this collection were Violet Viscountess Allendale and her attractive daughter-in-law the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Beaumont, Mrs. Joseph Mackle a regular patron of Norman Hartnell, Lady Weeks, Mrs. Alexander Eddy (who happily was able to say her husband is now progressing, albeit slowly, from his serious illness), and the beautiful Mme. Halefoglu, chic in a fawn dress and mink coat with a mink hat.

She and her husband, who has been Counsellor at the Turkish Embassy for the past two years, are to the regret of all their friends here returning to Turkey soon, when M. Halefoglu will take up an appointment at their Foreign Office.

A children's charity

Jewish Child's Day has now become firmly established in the Jewish communal calendar of Great Britain. Groups of all ages raise funds to help sick, needy or underprivileged Jewish children in this country, in Israel, in North Africa and elsewhere. Children themselves raise about £4,000 a year and now older friends help the cause, too, with groups in various cities.

I recently attended a luncheon organized by the honorary officers and council of Jewish Child's Day held at the Dorchester. The speakers were Lady Barnett (who spoke brilliantly and looked even more glamorous than she does on television), and another interesting personality, Dr. Helena Kagan, a medical pioneer in Israel. Dr. Kagan spoke of the wonderful work being done in the children's sections of the hospitals there.

A bridal trip to Switzerland

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TOM HUSTLER



Miss Jane Holland and Miss Tessa Cannon were two of the bridesmaids at the St. George's, Hanover Square, wedding



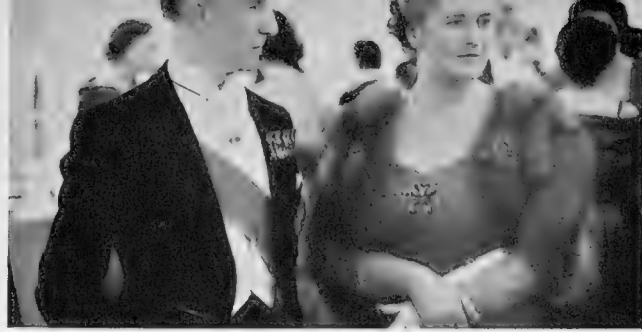
Miss Fiona Tregoning was one of the child bridesmaids



Left: Brig. Adrian Gore proposed the health of the bride and groom. Right: Lady Ironside, wife of Field Marshal Lord Ironside



Lord Baden-Powell with Mr. Anthony Jeffreys (he is Chief Clerk of Committees & Private Bills in the Lords) & Mrs. Anthony Jeffreys



Sir Gilbert Rennie, Rhodesia & Nyasaland High Commissioner, and Lady Rennie



The Rev. Donald Harris, Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with Lady Keeling. Her husband is deputy-chairman of British European Airways



Mrs. Alan Noble, whose husband resigned last month as Minister of State for Foreign Affairs



Mrs. Yates. Her husband, Capt. Andrew Yates, R.N. (retd.), is a director of the Sperry Gyroscope Co.



Above: Lord & Lady Nathan. He is chairman of the Board of Governors of Westminster Hospital



Above: Sir Edward Boyle, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Education, with his mother, Lady Boyle



Lady Mancroft, wife of Lord Mancroft who was formerly Minister Without Portfolio



The Hon. Vere Eliot, son of Lord St. Germans. He is a Westminster Councillor



The Mayor & Mayoress, Mr. & Mrs. David Cobbold, awaiting guests at the entrance to the ballroom, with mace-bearer Mr. J. Hooper

The **MAYOR** *of* **WESTMINSTER**

holds a reception at the Savoy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

Mrs. Robert Ponsonby (her husband is the director of the Edinburgh Festival) went as Le Coq d'Or



The Earl of Harewood (a director of Covent Garden) dressed as the English governess in Lakmé—his wife went as the Indian princess from the same opera

Actress April Orlich went as the Merry Widow



The OPERA BALL

Guests stage a masquerade at the Dorchester

Miss Szulo Wagner (she claims to be a direct descendant of the composer) with Mr. M. Clark (a repertoire manager of E.M.I. recordings). He was José from Carmen



Van Hellen



Ballerina Svetlana Beriosova (she helped judge costumes) with Mr. John Cranko



Lord Montagu of Beaulieu with his fiancée, Miss Belinda Crossley

Baritone Mr. Jess Walters rides the grand raffle prize



Miss Scarlet Sturdee (she lives near Dorchester) and Mr. J. F. Swetenham who hunts with the Derwent in Yorkshire



Above: Major Robert Peel (Master and huntsman of the Cattistock) with Mrs. D. H. C. Worrall, joint-Master of the South Dorset. Above, right: Mr. A. Fletcher (Master of the Taunton Vale) with Miss Tessa Hankey



The SOUTH DORSET *hunt ball* *held at the Corn* *Exchange, Dorchester*

Col. D. H. C. Worrall (joint-Master and huntsman of the South Dorset) with Mrs. John Oram



P. C. Palmer



Van Hallan

Above: Mr. H. C. Vivian Smith rode his own horse, Furale, in the President's Cup. He is a member of the Oxford University Drag Hounds

Mrs. John Pitman, of Foxley House, Malmesbury. Her son was a rider



Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Jordan. Their home is at Markyate, Hertfordshire



At Crowell, Oxford, the season
begins with the University's

BULLINGDON POINT-TO-POINT



Miss Margaret Gomm, from Great Missenden, with Mrs. L. Fowler and Mrs. J. Tilbury



Mrs. I. R. Lomax rode Royal Tudor in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies Race

The WATERLOO CUP

Coursing at Altcar, Liverpool



M. Philippe Lassos from Bordeaux, France, with Lady Hudson (in cap with flaps) and Mr. Langton Birley (in trilby)



Lord Kenyon leads out the cup finalists: Linden Calypso (left) with Mrs. K. Perkins, and the winner, Mutual Friend, with owner-trainer Mr. M. Forsyth-Forrest



Left: Colonel James Dennis and Mr. Richard Dennis.



Right: The Marquess of Bath, Lord Stavordale, Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor and Mrs. Forsyth-Forrest



Lord Rank (centre) with Mr. V. Routledge and Mrs. C. Lister

Sir Eric & Lady Ohlson and Mr. & Mrs. P. Considine



THE TATLER



At his office desk—photographed by Donald Southern

interviews

LORD ALTRINCHAM

MONICA FURLONG talked to Lord Altrincham in his office off Fleet Street. He is Chairman of Periodical Publications Ltd. and Editor of the National and English Review. She reports . . .

Lord, your comments on public life have stirred up a lot of feeling in recent years. Do you think of yourself principally as an editor, or as a reformer, or simply as an ordinary citizen who wants to produce some changes?

Lord Altrincham: A mixture of the second and third, I suppose. Journalism I only regard as a means to an end. Many political journalists regard their role simply as that of spectator and commentator, but I don't feel like this at all. I like to feel that as a journalist I am a part of politics, and that unless I succeed in bringing about the changes I want to see, then I'm wasting my time.

What are your own politics?

Altrincham: I am a Radical Tory—a Conservative who wants to see many changes.

Are you a supporter of the present Government?

Altrincham: No, nothing could persuade me to support the men who were responsible for Suez.

Do you feel you belong to any group within the Conservative Party?

Altrincham: I feel that many young Tories think as I do—perhaps particularly at the universities.

And what is the basis of your ideas for reform?

Altrincham: Traditionalism. I believe tremendously in tradition, provided it is not allowed to become fossilized. A tradition must change constantly if it is to survive. In fact, contrary to popular belief, change is the essence of tradition and not its enemy.

Don't you feel that the unchanging nature of English tradition has been our strength?

Altrincham: Quite the opposite. The English have always made fundamental changes very quickly and often unexpectedly. For example, the Reform Bills in the nineteenth century. And for that matter, Indian independence in 1947. That came at breathtaking speed.

You have thought a great deal about techniques of change and reform. What makes such things happen in a society?

Altrincham: Principally individuals who are convinced of the need for a change, I think. But to be effective they must be backed up by a substantial body of people. Not necessarily a majority—the majority are soon won over when they see a reform enacted—but enough people to make their opinion felt. It is quite extraordinary how quickly a change can come. One day an idea seems to be supported only by cranks and fanatics, and then it is like a chemical reaction—suddenly everybody is for it. And once Parliament has passed something, such is our national feeling for authority, everyone assumes it must be all right.

But you would agree that Parliament must not move too far ahead of public opinion or its legislation becomes useless?

Altrincham: I would agree with that, but the problem nowadays is often the opposite one. Parliament seems to lag behind public opinion. The refusal of the present Government to implement the Wolfenden proposals on homosexuality, for example—unforgivable cowardice! They don't take their responsibilities as leaders seriously enough.

What other changes do you want to see in our society, apart from your famous views on the Monarchy?

Altrincham: I want to see a more effective democracy. Beginning inside the political parties themselves. Neither of our two main parties is in the least democratic. The Labour

Party is dominated by the Trade Unions. The Conservative Party is riddled with a dreadful kind of paternalism. Both in the central bodies and in the local associations people tend to accept the leadership unquestioningly. Year after year the same people are elected to run things, on the nod as it were. There is far too little criticism.

You are critical of the two main parties. Have you ever been tempted to become a Liberal?

Altrincham: No, because I think a two-party system is essential to our form of Parliamentary democracy. Otherwise you tend to get a minority imposing its view on Parliament, as the Irish Members used to do.

Well, how could the existing parties be improved?

Altrincham: I would like to see the vote given to young people from the age of 18, possibly even from 16. As the average age of the population becomes older, it is necessary to counteract the effect of this by giving the franchise sooner.

But surely the immaturity of most 18-year-olds is an objection?

Altrincham: Some 18-year-olds are immature, but then equally many voters are over-ripe or senile, but nobody suggests taking the vote away from them. Also the young have the advantage that they are at the age of extreme receptivity to ideas—no bad thing in politics.

What other changes would you like to see?

Altrincham: Certainly some fundamental changes in our education, which would give the State system the same prestige as, say, the French system has. At the moment our system is riddled with snobbery. The only answer, I feel, is the comprehensive school.

The trouble with that is that the school needs to be so huge. 1,000 pupils at least.

Altrincham: But then after all, Eton is equally huge and seems to thrive on it.

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NEWS PORTRAITS

ADVICE Mary Field, chairman of the Unesco-sponsored International Centre for Children's Films, leaves for Poland next month at the invitation of the Polish Government to advise on children's films and television. Poland will be the eighteenth country she has visited in this capacity. The photograph was taken at her Regent's Park home under a painting of her great-great-grandfather, General Blossett, who died in the South American liberation army led by Simon Bolivar

ARCHITECT An exhibition of architecture, furniture and textiles by Denmark's Professor Arne Jacobsen (*below*) opens tomorrow at the Royal Institute of British Architects in London. Professor Jacobsen, who is responsible for the 21-storey terminal and hotel for Scandinavian Airlines now building in Copenhagen, has been interviewed as the possible architect for the new St. Catherine's College, Oxford. With him is his interpreter, Miss Rikke Blomley. (He designed the chairs)

Alan Vines



Alan Vines





John Cowan

ACHIEVEMENT Mr. Gordon M. Baker (*above*) is managing director of C. A. Parsons (Newcastle) Ltd which has just been awarded a £4,300,000 contract by the Tennessee Valley Authority for a 500,000-kilowatt generating station. The British firm's tender was just on £2,000,000 lower than any other. Mr. Baker took over the managing directorship after the sudden death of Sir Claud Gibb who collapsed on a flight from Tennessee) and immediately reopened negotiations with the T.V.A.



Alan Vines

ARTIST Mrs. Alina Slesinska is the first artist from Poland to have had a London exhibition since the war. Her semi-abstract sculpture develops along flowing lines and tends to take the shape of flowering plants. Mrs. Slesinska is the wife of a Warsaw theatre critic and the mother of two children. She is shown here with her *Composition with Car*



ALTERNATIVE Peter Collingwood, 37 (*left*), has abandoned his career as a doctor to weave rugs of his own design and sell them in America. He learned the craft in the Bedouin tents while serving as a Red Cross Medical Officer in Jordan. His first loom was made of two broken deck-chairs. Mr. Collingwood, a grand-nephew of Lewis Carroll and son of a physiology professor, lives at the new Digsweil House art colony, Welwyn Garden City, which will be opened by Countess Mountbatten in May

Lewis Morley

Foreigners lead in appreciating the variety and compactness of Britain for a holiday. Here, for the natives, **PENELOPE TURING** suggests how to find enjoyment without currency or language troubles . . .

STOP LOOK or LISTEN

A THREE-PART GUIDE TO HOLIDAYS IN BRITAIN

Stop PLACES TO STAY AT

What the tourist trade calls, unpoetically, a "stay-put holiday" has certain obvious advantages. It is more restful than touring, easier with children, and less expensive because of the inclusive weekly terms offered by most hotels. But it need not be a cut-to-pattern two weeks on a crowded beach.

Taking the conventional type of seaside holiday first, I would choose one of the charming little places along the coast of **Devon** or **Cornwall**. For superb sands try Westward Ho! or Saunton where there is wonderful country inland, and fascinating forgotten villages to explore. Or, on the **Cornish Riviera**, there are small peaceful places like Carlyon Bay, or lovely old Fowey. If you want something less remote, a quiet spot for a family holiday on the south coast is Cooden near Bexhill. In **Scotland** I would suggest the wonderful sands at Troon in Ayrshire.

The **Channel Islands** are a small world on their own, part-French, part-English and distinct from both. For those who want a certain amount of life Jersey is the best choice; Guernsey is quieter, and if you want to be almost alone with the rocks and sea birds choose Sark, but make your reservations early because accommodation is limited.

Personally, I like the big seaside resorts best in the quieter seasons of spring, early summer or autumn; one avoids the crowds and if weather is uncertain there is plenty of entertainment and the comfort of good hotels. **Torquay**, in an almost Mediterranean setting, is a safe choice, and as a complete contrast there is **Brighton** with its exhilarating blend of modern amenities, graceful

Regency architecture, good shops and a full programme of entertainment. I always spend a week in Brighton in early October: in seven out of eight years this is a time of Indian summer there, and no one who knows it only in the crowded days of summer has any idea how delightful it can be in autumn.

Holidays for the sportsman are usually well away from the general run of tourists. In Scotland golfers will go to Gleneagles, on the **Perthshire** moors, or Turnberry on the coast of **Ayrshire**, looking across to the Isle of Arran. Fishing holidays can take you to much of the loveliest country in the British Isles. In **Somerset**, on the slopes of the Mendip Hills whose history was old when the Romans came, are the famous lakes of the Bristol Waterworks Company—Blagdon, Chew Valley, and several others. They contain some of the largest trout in England, which can be fished by day ticket. **Wales** has endless opportunities for trout fishing at places like Bettws-y-Coed and Tregaron. Devon, too, has a number of hotel waters, such as those at **Eggesford** and **Lifton**, where you can get salmon or sea trout fishing.



In Scotland fishing is a part of everyday life and, though on the most famous rivers like the Tay and Aberdeenshire Dee sport is difficult to obtain and expensive, there are innumerable other opportunities all over the country. Local association waters on the **Tweed** can be fished for trout and sometimes salmon on payment of a small fee. Many lochs such as **Loch Awe** provide free fishing for salmon, and if you seek the wild beauty of the north-west coast go to **Gairloch**, where the hotels have fishing for their guests.

For those who enjoy cricket, nothing is more delightful than one of the annual cricket festivals. There is plenty of social life in the evenings, and during the day there are long, hypnotic hours of watching this most English of games, which at its best can epitomize all that summer should be. **Scarborough's** cricket festival (September 2-11), when the visiting Test team regularly makes an appearance, is a favourite of mine: an atmosphere of practical Yorkshire enjoyment, and seagulls strutting on the pitch like the pigeons at Lord's. Others are at **Canterbury** (August 1-7) and **Hastings** (September 2-8).

Look ROUTES FOR TOURING

Americans find the British Isles ideal for touring because they are "so tiny." We may not consider this country as Lilliputian, but it is certainly small enough to enable one to take in a wide range of historic towns, remote villages and different types of scenery within an easy motoring itinerary.

Most of us could name a dozen districts, a hundred places, we have always meant to visit and never actually seen. With the help of maps, a hotel guide and the useful itineraries issued by the R.A.C. and A.A. to their members, there is no difficulty and much pleasure in planning a route. I like to include both famous and little known places.

For example, start with the old walled city of **Chester** and then drive westwards across North Wales visiting two of its finest castles at Conway and Caernarvon. Strike through **Snowdonia** to Beddgelert, and then either follow the coast road to Aberystwyth or take a winding route through the heart of Wales by Dolgellau and Llanidloes. Join the Wye at **Rhayader**—an admirable centre for the trout fisher, by the way, because the Birmingham water supply reservoirs offer plenty of fishing for reasonable fees—and then follow the valley down from its rocky adolescence to the peaceful meadows of Herefordshire.

At Ross there is a much-neglected district: the **Malvern Hills**. There are only nine miles of them lying between the Wye and Severn valleys, but they hold an echo of much of England's history. For walking, especially when the may trees are in bloom and cuckoos singing in the woods below, I know few places that have a greater magic.

continued on page 354

JERSEY, Channel Isles.
See column one, this page

Opposite: In the garden
of GLYNDEBOURNE. See
under Listen, p. 351



HOLIDAYS IN BRITAIN *continued*

East Anglia is often ignored by the holiday-maker. If you have never seen the delightful villages of the **Constable Country**—Dedham, Stoke-by-Nayland, Flatford Mill and the rest—these form enchanting halting places, and it is easy to go on to Cambridge and Ely, or to turn north and idle among the waterways of the Norfolk Broads—a world of wide skies and boats, reeds and water birds.

Scotland offers endless scope for touring. For one of the wildest and most spectacular routes start at **Perth** and drive due northwards to Braemar on Deeside. Follow the river down to **Balmoral**, and then strike across the northern spur of the Grampians to Tomintoul, and on into the valley of the Spey at Grantown. From here go up **Strathspey**—along which are places rapidly becoming famous as the winter-sports centres of Scotland (Carrbridge and Aviemore)—and eventually you pass right over from these eastern highlands to the west. The main road from Newtonmore takes you on along the banks of Loch Laggan and then down to **Fort William**, from where the coast road to Oban forms an excellent contrast to the mountains you have left. Oban is a delightful port, and centre for crossing to the Western Isles.

Many people take their cars to the **Lake District** every summer; but if you have time go on through Northumberland into the wild, timeless country of Hadrian's Wall, where one can almost hear the echo of the Roman legions, and then to the kindly, round-backed hills of the Scottish Border.

Listen THE ARTS FESTIVALS

There is another, and entirely different kind of holiday which provides perhaps the most complete change from the round of everyday life—a visit to one of the musical or theatrical festivals. I can remember, as a child, hearing my father say on one family holiday, "this place would be perfect if there were a theatre for the evenings." It is often a problem to find an evening's entertainment when one is on holiday, but the wave of festivals which has spread all over Europe, and in which Great Britain shares, forms a complete answer.



MALVERN HILLS: See under Look

BATH (Pulteney Bridge): See under Listen

STOKES
JOKES

Edinburgh (August 23-September 12) is the most exciting and diverse. This year opera will be represented by the Stockholm company headed by Birgit Nilsson, Jussi Björling, Sigurd Björling and Set Svanholm. There are concerts by the Royal Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, and other orchestras; drama is provided by the Old Vic and the Liverpool New Shakespeare Theatre; there will be ballet, a bewildering range of chamber music and recitals, celebrations in honour of Burns's bicentenary, the regular Military Tattoo in front of the Castle, and a display of Highland Games. Edinburgh at any time is a place of rare beauty, haunted by history; during the Festival it is irresistible, and the elegance of the Festival Club in the Assembly Rooms gives it a continental cachet.

Something much simpler but very delightful is the **Pitlochry** Festival (April 25-October 3), in the highlands of Perthshire. Here one can explore the neighbouring mountains and lochs in the daytime, and rely on seeing six different plays during the week at the Festival Theatre. This year the programme consists of a Restoration comedy *The Wonder! A Woman Keeps a Secret* as adapted by David Garrick, Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, Somerset Maugham's *The Constant Wife*, James Bridie's *The Switchback*, *Madeleine Smith* by Howard Lockhart and the world première of *The Splendid Outcasts*, a drama of the Borgias by Rosemary Anne Sisson.

In 17 years I have only missed one Shakespeare Festival at **Stratford on Avon**, and anyone who enjoys Shakespeare's plays should certainly make a pilgrimage there, not only for the theatre, but because it is ideally placed for exploring the Cotswolds, Warwick, Kenilworth and all the delightful villages of Warwickshire. This year (April 7-November 28) is Stratford's hundredth festival; the plays are *Othello*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Coriolanus* and *King Lear*, and the company is headed by Laurence Olivier, Edith Evans,

Paul Robeson, Charles Laughton, Harry Andrews and Sam Wanamaker.

Music-lovers will want to make at least one visit to **Glyndebourne** (May 29-August 16), though each year it becomes more difficult to get seats. The 1959 operas are *Idomeneo*, *Rosenkavalier*, *Così Fan Tutte*, *Fidelio*, *La Cenerentola* and *Figaro*.

The **Three Choirs Festival** which will be held at Gloucester (September 6-11) is one of the oldest and most intimate of all music



EDINBURGH: Home of the festival. See Listen

festivals. Admirers of Benjamin Britten's music should go to the little seaside town of **Aldeburgh** in Suffolk (June 19-28); and in Wales there is the Welsh National Eisteddfod at **Caernarvon** (August 3-8) and the International Music Eisteddfod at **Llan-gollen** (July 7-12).

Other small festivals of music and the arts are scattered all over the country: **Bath** (June 4-13), **Buxton** (May 17-22), **Cheltenham** (Contemporary Music, July 5-17, Art & Literature September 28-October 9), **Haslemere** (July 18-25) and **King's Lynn** (July 25-August 1).

Among them almost every taste in music, theatre, and associated arts is catered for, but the settings differ widely. As a whole they form a fascinating study, but each allows one to relax and enjoy entertainment. They might say with Shakespeare "our true intent is all for your delight."

TORQUAY: See under Stop



Brit. T. & H. Assoc.



The Cover: Next Sunday is St. David's Day. Traditional Welsh costumes like this can be seen at the National Eisteddfod, Caernarvon. See Listen

MUST IT
ALWAYS BE
LIKE THIS?

controversy

Getting to work in cities

A photographic inquiry
by TOM HUSTLER

at Dorothy Wilding Studios



THE POLICE. A Piccadilly patrolman (right) said: "The motorists think they are the most persecuted section of the public—actually they are the most pampered. In rush hours there are about 400 police on point duty, like that chap there, and on motor bikes." His suggestions: More one-way streets and compulsory garage space in all new buildings

THE A.A. MAN. Mr. R. H. Steed (below), manager of the Highways Dept., said: "A recent survey shows that in central London 35 per cent of journey time was spent stopped or queuing at controlled intersections." His suggestions: More long-term parking space such as the City is providing, and quick completion of new road schemes



THE GIRL WHO WALKS. Miss Susan Clark (left) of Welbeck Street, W.1, has a 25-minute walk to work at John Cornel's Mayfair hairdressing salon. She could go by bus, but feels better for the exercise. Says: "You have to watch out for the rain, though"

THE PEOPLE WHO COMMUTE. At Charing Cross (S.R.) during the evening rush hour 800 people can leave by electric train every two minutes. Says a ticket collector: "We are working to absolute capacity. The slightest hitch throws the whole service out"



GETTING TO WORK *continued*

Speaking from experience . . .

by ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME

I USED TO LIVE in Chelsea. I chose Chelsea because of its convenient (as I thought) proximity to my office in Berkeley Square. I had a choice of the following modes of transport: bus, taxi, car, tube or Shanks's pony. I tried them all.


A bus trip involved queueing for anything up to 20 minutes in the morning and half an hour in the evenings. This was tolerable in summer but there were drawbacks for the remaining 364 days in the year. I decided "hopping" on a bus was not for me.

So, in a rush of opulent blood to the head, I decided to take the easy way out and go by taxi. One can at least snooze in comfort in the back, which is more than can be said for a London bus (in which you would have to be grotesquely deformed to relax a single corpse). This was fine for a bit, but I quickly found that an expense of 10s. a day for a couple of comfortable catnaps meant I had to give up buying lunch, tea and dinner. In a few days I was a shadow of my former self. What next? I bought a second-hand car.


I suppose driving to and from work in London must be the surest way of simultaneously inviting coronary thrombosis, duodenal ulcer and St. Vitus's dance. Zebra crossings, traffic lights, speed cops, A.A. diversions, marching Guardsmen, horse-borne troopers, foreign potentates, roadworks and a thousand other hazards combine to prevent you reaching your office at all. I was in such a state of blind, impotent fury by the time I had spent hours looking for somewhere to park that I'm surprised the secretary who used to greet me with a sarcastic "Good Afternoon" wasn't found one day dangling from the ceiling by a typewriter ribbon.

But at least a car is cheaper than taxis. Or so I consoled myself, until 1. the first garage bill arrived, 2. I had to renew my insurance, 3. the price of petrol rose, and 4. I was fined for obstructing the Queen's highway three weeks in succession. Exit one third-hand car with first-hand dents on all four wings.

So I went underground. Little did I know what the Infernal Regions had in store for me. First there was Running-the-Lingerie-Gauntlet down the escalator. There's a time and place for everything, but just after a rushed breakfast is hardly the ideal time of day for the eyeballs to absorb rows of grinning damsels doing P.T. in various forms of undergarment. Then there is the Physical Efficiency Test, starting with the Frog March to the platform—inches at a time, a solid mass of plodding humanity moves shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip towards the Source of Hot Air. Any polish that might have been carefully placed on the *tops* of your shoes has

continued overleaf


SHE SCOOTs. Miss Deirdre Alexander (above) of Epsom, Surrey, rides to work on her motor-scooter. It takes her 20 minutes instead of an hour by train and bus, so she puts up with the weather. She says "I think more and more people will use scooters—they are so nippy in traffic, cheap to run, and easy to park"



HE STAYS. Garageman Ernie Varn-dell of Queen's Gate, S.W.7, may seem to have the perfect answer to the problem. He lives in a flat over his work. But, he says: "The trouble is I can't get away from work. People ring up at all hours of the night because they have broken down or are too drunk to drive home"

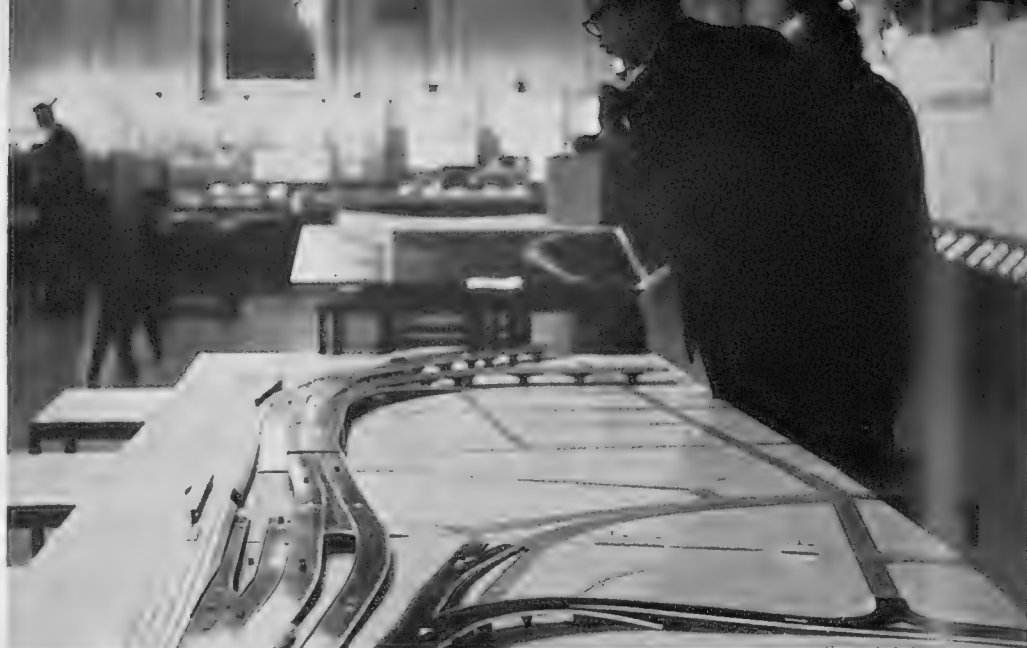
GETTING TO WORK *continued*

by now been painfully transferred to the soles of someone else's. But this is only the beginning. Once the train is heard approaching, a mad uncontrolled passion seems to seize the assembled company. The traditional standing-aside for women and children is thrown to the winds and you are borne along, powerless and inert, on a surging tide of struggling, shoving, wriggling, writhing, wrestling bodies. Placid gentlemen and docile ladies whom you have just seen on the escalator reading the *Manchester Guardian* or *Woman's Realm* are suddenly transformed into fiery-eyed, panting maniacs. It might be the last train before Armageddon.

It's a waste of time trying to choose your carriage: that's done for you. You just have to trust to luck at what stage of entry you are when the stentorian-voiced majorette in the dark uniform shouts "Mi-hind the dawers." Of course tube travel is a good way of keeping the weight down. But though the heat would do credit to a Turkish bath, the comfort is not quite up to the same standards. There you are, pouring with perspiration, riveted in an askew standing position, your arms clamped to your sides, a man's nose in your right ear, and an angular shopping-basket jabbing your kidney. . . .

Once the woman next to me fainted. Whether it was the heat or my proximity I shall never know. One minute she was staring into my eyes dreamily (I thought) from a range of four centimetres, and the next she had vanished into thin—sorry, thick—air, and I was exchanging glances at equally close range with the beady eye of a helmeted police sergeant. Not until I felt something suspiciously like a human head loll against my kneecaps did I realize that she must have slid to the floor in the *mêlée* at the last halt. I managed to clear a space and draw attention to the prostrate body on the floor, nervously flapped my paper in the lifeless face, caught the sergeant's beady eye again—then, at the next stop, ran just as the doors were closing in on me like some evil spider's jaws. Not very chivalrous, perhaps, but discretion and all that sort of thing.

After this unsettling experience I decided to try walking. A week of this and I decided that the only practical garb was gumboots and sou'wester, and accordingly bought the outfit one lunch hour. "But my dear *chap*.



DREAM of the British Road Federation is a system of modern roads in & out of big cities, as shown in its exhibition "Town Roads Today & Tomorrow"

you simply *can't* appear at the office dressed like that!" O.K., O.K., forget it.

It then struck me that perhaps it is illogical and impractical to live anywhere as nearby as Chelsea, thereby contributing to the already chaotic congestion in that area. Get out into the wide open spaces, into the fair unspoilt English countryside, I thought, and be whisked to and from work in speed and comfort by friendly, modern, efficient, clean, punctual British Railways. So I upped sticks and moved to Hampshire.

This is IT, I thought on my first morning. I'm a real genuine commuter now, doing my little bit to help relieve all that congestion in London. And a season ticket into the bargain. One or two facts have since been forcibly impressed on me.

First, it seems to be an accepted phenomenon on our railways that Fog Makes Trains Late. As there is fog regularly in Hampshire from October till March, this is inclined to interfere with working hours and means that one rarely gets home before midnight. By this time, unfortunately, you must get ready to start out again to be at the office before lunch. I have never been able to understand this: after all, fog is as much part of the English winter routine as Christmas Day, and one would have thought that the railways would have got round to that by now. I wonder if sand makes the

trains late in Egypt, or snow in Switzerland, or rain in India.

Then there's the question of Getting a Seat. This depends entirely on astute positioning on the platform so that you are bang opposite a door when the train halts. If you're not, you can resign yourself to standing wedged between fellow commuters in the corridor, most of whom (being Top People) spend the journey going through an intricate set of contortions trying to read their papers. Every time they solve a clue in the crossword you receive a vicious blow in the ribs or the top of a pencil in the eye.

If, however, you should be lucky enough to get through the train door first, try at all costs for a non-smoker (unless of course you happen to be a heavy smoker yourself, in which case I hope you don't manage to board the train at all). Sharing a railway carriage just after breakfast with seven one-man impersonations of Battersea Power Station is not my idea of fun. Try opening a window, and your hand will be smacked down before it even reaches the belt.

Is there any hope? None that I can see. Probably nothing will be done until travel stress starts killing us off in droves. But in fact people are living longer than ever—and there are even efforts to make us go on working after retirement age.

REALITY in London: Berkeley Square, jammed with commuters' parked cars, and Grosvenor Square, with unused parking meters



INTERVIEW *continued from page 349*

But how could the public schools be integrated with such a system?

Altrincham: I feel it would be a pity to lose the best of them, but they must be opened up to include intelligent children from every sort of home. The headmasters of these schools feel this already, and I think possibly the governing bodies also. It becomes harder and harder to justify the selection of children on grounds of their parents' income, particularly since Oxford and Cambridge abandoned this system and began choosing candidates strictly on their educational merits.

I imagine the Common Entrance examination is the chief obstacle in selecting State-educated children for public schools.

Altrincham: Yes, that will have to be changed. People get very emotional about classics as the basis of selection, but in fact children simply cram for the examination, often at an inferior private school, and a few years later have forgotten all the Latin they ever learned.

I believe you also have strong views about the running of the Commonwealth.

Altrincham: Yes, I think it's time we took our membership super-seriously. On the one hand you have a number of fat, cushy, comfortable communities with a very high standard of living. On the other hand, there are many areas of the Commonwealth where people have the most appalling struggle for survival. There should be more sharing of wealth. Recently Mr. Lennox-Boyd said that we were about to spend £100,000,000 on Commonwealth development. This sounds all right until you realize that we are spending £200,000,000 a year subsidising our own farmers. That is what I mean about not taking our Commonwealth responsibilities sufficiently seriously. We have, after all, accumulated most of our wealth by exploiting colonies, and we have in some cases contributed to the troubles of those who are in difficulties today. Our present attitude is simply not good enough, and I'm afraid must



be put down to a particularly bad period of insularity through which we are passing. There is too much of "we are the chosen people" and all foreigners are upstarts or bloody wogs.

I am impressed by the tremendous conviction you always bring to public affairs. You seem quite certain in your own mind about what changes are needed. Do you never have any doubts?

Altrincham: Yes, many before I arrive at a conviction. But in the end you've got to come down on one side or the other. And once I'm convinced I never have any more doubts that my solution will work out.

Is this because of faith in yourself, or faith in the good sense of the British people?

Altrincham: Certainly the latter. We generally get it right in the end. And—yes—I suppose you could say I have faith in myself.

THE SOCIAL ALPHABET

B stands for barefaced lie

*The Right Remark with the right intent
Is a wonderful thing, forsooth.
But it breeds antipathy and dissent
If it hasn't the ring of truth.*

"Now, honestly, dear, you weren't to blame."
"It's only because she's shy."
"It's only a scratch." "It's only a game!"...
(It's only a dirty lie.)

"Oh sir, you aren't in the least bit old!"
"Of course you can bring the dogs!"
"Considering, she was as good as gold."
"But I like your monologues!"

"Well, I never play, though I'd love to try!"
"The stain will hardly show."
"Gosh, Aunt, what a simply gorgeous tie!"
"A pity you've got to go."

Francis Kinsman

BRIGGS by Graham



VERDICTS

on new plays, films and books



*Avis Bunnage as
the light o' love
mother, and
Frances Cuka as
the daughter whom
she deserts*

It tastes too much of the music hall

THEATRE
by Anthony
Cookman

I did not see Miss Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste Of Honey* when it was first produced in the East End at Theatre Workshop. I was the better placed, therefore, to enjoy the romantic occasion of its transfer to the West End stage still warm from *The Boy Friend* at Wyndham's. I only knew that it had been written by a young Salford woman, that it had won the Charles Foyle award for the most promising play of the year and that Mr. John Osborne had paid an impressive sum for the film rights. That was all, but it was plenty; and I came to the much publicized event in a pleasantly receptive mood.

My later reactions changed at least three times. It soon became delightfully evident that Miss Delaney has a remarkably good ear for the language of the Lancashire backstreets where the inarticulate pride themselves on the straight flinging of the limited number of words at their disposal. A mother and daughter settling quarrelsomely into a ghastly bed-sitting-room are letter perfect in this lingo. They have no difficulty in making it perfectly clear that the mother is an ageing but never-say-die tart and that the half-witted daughter is neglected and deeply resentful of her mother's easy success with men. But nothing very much else emerges. The women are figures in a music-hall sketch rather than people in a realistic play, and attention wanders after a while from the author and the things she has not yet managed to say and fastens on Miss Joan Littlewood's lively management of the music-hall sketch.

Miss Littlewood is a producer of the Brechtian school, and she is never happier than when she can force us to remember that we must not take stage illusion too seriously. There is a rather meaningless orchestra to pipe the characters on to the stage. The mother may be expected at any moment to turn from a conversation with her daughter to confide in the audience. And there

THE PLAY:

A taste of honey
Avis Bunnage
Murray Melvin
Frances Cuka

may be sudden little dances and songs to give the slanging match greater *brio*.

Of course there is nothing to be said against this fashionable way of presenting a play so long as the play is developing character and creating tension. That, I feel, does not happen in this instance, and the tension comes to depend more and more on what Miss Littlewood can do with her producer's tricks to create a rather hollow semblance of theatrical life.

It can be agreed that she does wonderfully well in this line, but I, for one, was grateful when it became clear at the outset of the second half that the play was to take another direction. The new direction leaves Miss Littlewood less scope; and we step from a sublimated music-hall sketch to slow moving, realistic drama. The coloured sailor has disappeared leaving the half-witted daughter with a baby she doesn't want. His place is taken by a proud and vulnerable young art student whose lack of masculinity puts him protectively in the position of a "big sister" to the friendless girl.

He is as anxious that she should have a baby that he can look after as she is anxious not to have it, and he jollies her out of the notion that there is anything in the hint that her mother has casually dropped before going away that her father may have been a little daft. The intricately worked out understanding of this character is, it seems to me, the play's chief claim to distinction and the best promise it gives that Miss Delaney's gift for recording lifelike talk will one day give us a real piece of drama.

But the charmingly touching passages between the two waifs lead only to the return of the mother. She comes to chase the pansified youth away from her daughter and to show that as a potential grandmother she feels a responsibility that she has never felt as a mother. I find it difficult to accept this change of heart in the woman as anything but a piece of mechanical sentimentalization. We are back in the music hall again.

Mr. Murray Melvin plays the unhappy young man sensitively and without exaggeration, and Miss Frances Cuka, as the pathetically deserted daughter, has moments of half-witted obstinacy in the face of cruel facts that are moving. Miss Avis Bunnage as the mother is the producer's creature rather than the author's, and as such she is amusingly brisk and brazen and down to earth in the music-hall convention.

These guests are afraid of life

THE TWO STAGE PLAYS by Mr. Terence Rattigan presented under the title of *Separate Tables*—and set in the drab gentility of a private hotel at Bournemouth—have been made over by the author and a Mr. John Gay into one screenplay: the dual rôles which originally provided Miss Margaret Leighton and Mr. Eric Portman with a wonderfully well-taken opportunity for a *tour de force* each have been split up and entrusted to four different players.

The argument in favour of this readjustment is not, as you might have thought, that you get more stars per reel this way, but that the cinema-going public would not be interested in or even understand so unusual a display of virtuosity as was given (and acclaimed) in the theatre.

I cannot say whether this rather unflattering contention is true or not, but I do hope that, for its own sake, the cinema-going public is at least

CINEMA
by Elspeth
Grant



Peter Daubeny is presenting a season of drama at the Prince's Theatre from March until May. He is 38, and received the Legion of Honour two years ago for services to the French theatre. He has brought many companies to England. An Old Marlburian, he served during the war in the Coldstream Guards, and was severely wounded. He formed his own producing company in 1945

interested in and can appreciate acting of unusual brilliance, since this is the film's salient feature. Anyone craving swift action and physical violence is liable to be disappointed by the essentially "civilized" nature of this acutely perceptive study of lonely people. If violence is done, it is only to the timid spirit and the gentle heart: there is no open blood-shed to be gloated over.

As to movement—Mr. Delbert Mann, directing, binds his characters as closely to the Hotel Beauregard as do their circumstances, and his camera ventures no farther than just across the doorstep as if it, too, saw no real escape from the grim refuge of this grey backwater.

The hotel manageress, played with admirable reserve by Miss Wendy Hiller, is outwardly cool and self-sufficient but is deeply and anxiously in love with one of the residents, an American writer, Mr. Burt Lancaster, who has settled for obscurity while waiting for oblivion. It seems that late one night, when admittedly the worse (or the better?) for Irish whiskey, he proposed to Miss Hiller but has since shown little inclination to rush into matrimony. With the arrival of his ex-wife, Miss Rita Hayworth, a slightly faded beauty seeking to reassure herself that she can still arouse desire in Mr. Lancaster, Miss Hiller bravely abandons her hopes of a happy future: it's back to the old routine for her—while Miss Hayworth gets her man. (That's sex for you—and very unfair it is to Miss Hiller, who is twenty times the actress Miss Hayworth is.)

The pathetic, bogus major whose lies about his public school education and military career are cruelly exposed in the local paper when he is arrested for nudging strange ladies in dark cinemas, is superbly played by Mr. David Niven—and an equally remarkable and affecting performance is given by Miss Deborah Kerr as the painfully repressed young woman, who because she is afraid to face up to life, understands, however dimly, that a similar fear was at the root of the major's inventions.

As Miss Kerr's odious mother, who thinks she has successfully deprived her daughter of a mind of her own and is livid to find her capable of one undictated thought, Miss Gladys Cooper gives a quite monstrosously good performance—crackling electrically with concentrated malice as she prepares to rend both her recalcitrant offspring and the wretched man the girl has dared to pity.

The one resident of the hotel with whom I feel I could be at ease and happy is magnificently played by Miss May Hallatt; she is a middle-aged, gruff, tweed-clad spinster who has long since come to terms with loneliness and doesn't give a damn for anything but horse-racing.

Mr. Paul Newman, and Miss Joanne Woodward, usually to be found emoting Methodically, reveal jointly a pleasing flair for light comedy, in **Rally Round The Flag, Boys!**, an agreeably satirical piece in which Miss Woodward, a civic-minded housewife, sits on so many committees that she never has time to sit on her husband's lap. Miss Joan Collins is surprisingly funny as the predatory neighbour who is only too ready to do so. She nearly gets the chance when Miss Woodward has Mr. Newman sent to Washington to investigate a U.S. Army proposal to make their township the site of a top-secret but obviously atomic project. The military, Cape Cod commuters, rocket launchers and The American Way Of Life itself are each in turn given a bluff dig in the slats. Highly entertaining.

In **Too Many Crooks**, a muddling gang of crooks, headed by Mr. George Cole, set out at dead of night, disguised as undertakers, to kidnap rich, shady Mr. Terry-Thomas's daughter, a ransom-worthy girl. Inadvertently they snatch his wife, Miss Brenda de Branzie (mis-cast), instead. Mr. T.-T. refuses to cough up a penny for her return so Miss de B. constitutes herself gang-boss and under her guidance her husband is successfully robbed of his all. Over the tangled proceedings looms the figure of a monolithic moron—played to the life by Mr. Bernard Bresslaw.



Finnish-born actress Taina Elg stars with Kenneth More in the remake of The Thirty-Nine Steps, which opens in London on 12 March

THE FILMS:

Separate tables

Deborah Kerr
David Niven
Gladys Cooper
Burt Lancaster
Rita Hayworth
dr. Delbert Mann

Rally round the flag boys!

Paul Newman
Joanne Woodward
Joan Collins
Jack Carson
dr. Leo McCarey

Too many crooks

Terry-Thomas
George Cole
Brenda de Branzie
Bernard Bresslaw
dr. Mario Zampi

*continued
overleaf*

Novelist Katherine
Farrell stands
under her portrait
by Rodrigo
Moynihan at a
party to launch
her new book
*The Common
Touch*



Mr. Lancaster draws for the kill

BOOKS
by Siriol
Hugh-Jones

NOTHING has given me more pleasure this week than *Here, Of All Places* ("the pocket lamp of architecture") by Osbert Lancaster, a truly splendid volume incorporating two earlier Lancastrian guides to homes, and some new material garnered in America. Mr. Lancaster was the man who invented such blandly savage labels as By-Pass Variegated, Wimbledon Transitional and Stockbroker's Tudor, which have now passed for ever into the language.

The lethal, hard and aseptic accuracy of his line (over each building the sun stands at noon, cruelly casting no softening shadow), his basilisk eye for the pertinent detail, and the dead-pan, unsurprised but sometimes nobly pained commentary (which somehow combines pointed economy with a certain sonorous grandeur) make this book a remarkable history of society as well as of architecture.

When Mr. Lancaster condemns, he does so richly, fruitily, and with a wealth of dangerously calm amazement that such things could be (he gives Art Nouveau a terrible time). It is impossible not to relish him most in the killing vein, when he dispatches the victim with such a scrupulously sharp sword and wipes the blade so tenderly upon an immaculate handkerchief.

To pass straight from the elegant, disabused ironies and velvet-gloved rabbit-punches of Mr. Lancaster's world into the heady perfume of Miss Barbara Cartland's is a dangerous occupation likely to cause a certain amount of nervous reaction. I have never read a Cartland book before, and am impressed, not to say stunned, to note that she has already written 66 best selling novels (including *Love Is An Eagle*, *Stars In My Heart*, *Wings On My Heart*, *Love Me Forever*, and *Again This Rapture*)—indeed Hutchinson are hard put to it to cram all her previous titles on to one page of her new, scrumptious novel, *Love In Hiding*.

Novels set in the time of the Prince-and-Mrs. Fitzherbert seem to me often to work in a coach accident, out of which love is born. This is no exception, and out of the coach steps a Vision equipped with all the right hall-marks—heart-shaped face, tiny tip-tilted nose, full red mouth, large blue eyes, and, hurray, a "profusion" of gold curls. The blue eyes look straight into the hard,

dark eyes (a quizzical look in them, too) of the Marquis of Stade, one of the most noted whips in the country and a man with a cold, contemptuous and authoritative voice to boot; and we are off.

This absolutely gorgeous book concerns a plot against the faithful and true Mrs. Fitzherbert, the gay life of the *haut monde*, the beastly goings-on of a ghastly sex-mad villain with "hooded eyes" and a "thick, sensuous mouth," and of course the progress of the love affair between Gretna (for that is our plucky little heroine's name) and the overwhelming and haughty Marquis. First of all he offers her a rich life of shame in Chelsea, but that is when he imagines her to be a farm-girl with no pretensions to birth or breeding.

From the moment when we meet him in black velvet, unrelieved but for the pearls on his collar, and realize how broad his shoulders are, we know that holy matrimony must be the outcome. (When things get really tense, the Marquis's eyebrows almost meet across the bridge of his aristocratic nose, and Gretna stammers entrancingly.) They are (quite purely) "joined together for one ecstatic moment on the balcony at Carlton House," as the Marquis puts it, and at last the villain is foiled, and Gretna, who will never be lonely again, thrills "as she had never thrilled before, with an ecstasy which seemed to carry them both towards the stars."

I had little notion that this sort of book was still being written, and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of my discovery. Almost the best thing about it is the yum-yum enjoyment of the high life and the passion, with the sort of unabashed lip-licking you find in *The Young Visitors*. (Gretna, dressed in the very latest mode, has "a big black hat trimmed with pale blue feathers to go with the gown, but this she was not wearing for luncheon," a detail that would have meant a lot to Daisy Ashford.) And oh, the Marquis of Stade, with his inscrutable expression and the strange, cynical smile twisting his lips. . . .

Briefly . . . The City Of Libertines, by W. G. Hardy, a long, luscious novel about, among other things, the remarkable sex-life of that Clodia who was loved by Catullus. The writing seemed to me quite astonishingly sloppy and undistinguished, the more so when you compare it (an unkind thing to do, I know) with that enchanting and witty book about the same people, *The Ides Of March* by Thornton Wilder, who succeeded in making poets seem great and credible, and ladies like Clodia subtle and fascinating, however depraved.

Puccini, A Critical Biography by Mosco Carner is splendid value, totally absorbing, briskly illuminating on the Freudian depths of Puccini's life and work, and immensely interesting in its analysis of the operas and their creation. . . . Anyone who enjoys poems for children should buy *A Puffin Quartet Of Poets*, a delicious selection of poems, many of them brand new to me, and entrancing, from the work of Eleanor Farjeon, James Reeves, E. V. Rieu and Ian Serrallier. . . . and *The Free Family*, a Creative Experiment in Self-Regulation for Children, by Paul & Jean Ritter. A rum book indeed, a passionate and detailed account of how to bring up five girls on a theory of almost total freedom. This left me feeling thoroughly nervous and full of bad "life-negative" reactionary thoughts, especially during the chapters devoted to a full and radiant account of all Mrs. Ritter's confinements. Some of the five children behave in a neurotic manner from time to time, but that is generally when they have "caught emotional illness from friends." Those fascinated by the extreme and contrasted forms of progressive thought and behaviour must not miss this book.

THE BOOKS:

Here, of all places
by Osbert Lancaster
(John Murray, 21s.)

Love in hiding
by Barbara Cartland
(Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

The city of libertines
by W. G. Hardy
(Heinemann, 18s.)

*Puccini, a critical
biography*
by Mosco Carner
(Duckworth, 70s.)

*A Puffin quartet
of poets*
(Penguin, 3s.)

The free family
by Paul & Jean Ritter
(Gollancz, 18s.)

RECORDS:

Gerald Lascelles is
abroad. His record
reviews will be
resumed next week

Right for every
summer occasion,
cotton today is . . .

The fabric for moderns

Cotton has graduated to the front rank of summer fashions in so many different weaves and finishes that it is now

equally at home at a garden party, in a London street or at a fashionable ball.

The little tunic suit (right) in a yellow and tan houndstooth check Ascher print is an excellent town cotton. The top buttons up the back and fits loosely over the peg-top skirt. Obtainable at Simpson's, Piccadilly; Books, Sunderland, and James Rowell, Cardiff, price:

about 7½ gns. The straw pochette is from the Eaton Bag Company, the washable leather gloves by Pittards.

Fashions on this and succeeding pages were photographed at the Chelsea studio of sculptress Elisabeth Frink



THE FABRIC FOR MODERNS *continued*

Below: A sophisticated cotton for double duty in town and country. California Cotton's straight sleeveless dress is made of a blue-green flower print and cut with the casual bloused back which is still definitely "in". The dress is lined throughout and is obtainable at Hunts Dress Shops, Bond Street, W.1; Hendersons, Liverpool, and Bonds of Norwich. The price: £4 9s. 6d.





That old friend the shirtwaister, so long the faithful ally of the Englishwoman, has now been smiled upon by high fashion. In Paris it had almost pride of place in the spring collections. Here Susan Small makes it in a dark blue and white woven cotton with a satin finish. At Woollands, Knightsbridge; County Clothes, Cheltenham, and Ney, Dorchester. Price 13½ gns. Worn with Pittards' washable leather gloves

Left: In a dancing mood. Against a background of Elisabeth Frink's drawings for projected three dimensional works a design of black, tan and white stripes printed on cotton gauze and mounted on many layers of stiffened petticoats. This short evening dress made by Frank Usher can be bought at Derry & Toms, London; Samuel's, Manchester, and Leaders, Leeds. Price: 12½ gns. It is worn with Pittards' washable cream leather gloves



THE FABRIC FOR MODERNS *continued*

For summer elegance—a flower printed satin-cotton dress and jacket by Horrockses. The dress is sleeveless and straight, the jacket loose fitting and lightly tied in front. Here the predominating colours are red and green but it is also made in a blue and beige and beige and green rose prints. At Cresta, London; Country Clothes, Cheltenham; and Books, Sunderland. The price: 8½ gns. The figure in preparation for bronzing will ultimately be shown at an exhibition of Miss Frink's work at the Waddington Galleries, Cork Street, in June



For keeping cool when the temperature rises—a dress and jacket by Jean Allen, in a giant anthracite and white check. The dress is cut as a sleeveless sheath, the jacket has the bloused back which has carried through from last season and looks as though it will stay with us for some time. The two-piece has a toning grey leather belt and can be bought at Dickins & Jones, London, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. The price: 11 gns. In the studio, Elisabeth Frink's cast for her statue "A Warrior," done in 1957



For dining out on a holiday in the sun this Polly Peek model has huge cabbage roses in shades of pink printed on a white ground. The skirt is stiffened with a vilene lining and the bodice cut low at the back. Obtainable at Simpson's, Piccadilly; Werff Bros., Birmingham, and County Clothes, Cheltenham. The price: 8½ gns.

Another shirtwaister—this time in a woven blue and white striped cotton (also in yellow and white). This Marcus Cottons model will be available in April at Barkers, Kensington; Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham, price: 7½ gns.



THE FABRIC FOR MODERNS *continued*



A country look for the visitor discussing Elisabeth Frink's forthcoming exhibition with the sculptress. She wears Sambo's cotton dress printed in shades of peacock blue and green. The full skirt is mounted on its own attached stiffened net petticoat. At Barkers, Kensington; David Morgan, Cardiff, and Aillick & Brown, Manchester, price: £4 9s. 6d.



IT COULD BE FOR YOU IF ...

You fall for the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER



flattering line

Ronald Paterson's dress and jacket, designed especially for Holyrood, illustrates the importance of line and the absence of fuss in good modern clothes. Shown here in tan and black pinstripe, it is also obtainable in dark green and blue in double-knit jersey. The two-piece (*left*) has a straight jacket, fastened with small brass buttons, which pouches slightly at the back. It is worn with a natural-coloured stitched straw hat, price: 3s. 6d., a gilt and amber-coloured brooch (with matching ear-rings), price: 22s. 6d., and brown suede gloves, price: £2 19s. 6d. The dark chestnut handbag (*above left*) is in hide and can also be bought in black or navy blue, price: £4 14s. 6d. The slim sheath dress (*right*) has a straight-across neckline and is worn with rope beads in shades of apricot mixed with pearls, prices: 29s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. The generous gold-plated bangle costs 42s. 6d. and the heavy chain bracelet £3 9s. 6d. The dress and jacket, price about £13 5s., are at Liberty's, Regent Street; Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh, and Binns, West Hartlepool. The jewellery and accessories are all obtainable from Liberty's





Evansky's modern Victorian line is softer than the original 19th century version

Christopher Moore



he said, "I used only one colour. Now, with what I call the 3-D, I use several. This not only gives greater depth, but when the hair is combed up you get a subtle blending of different shades according to how it catches the light. With grey hair for instance, I use delicate shades of both blue and violet, and maybe silver as well, all so soft that they merge together, and give a most fascinating 'pearly' effect.

"With mid-brown hair, there are various combinations for bringing it to life. One I find effective is a suggestion of gold with a warm orangy-red that goes so beautifully with the latest lipsticks."

Most of the new shades of make-up are designed to give a soft, warm look and to flatter the fashionable colours of the moment, yellows, orangy-reds, flames, and coral pinks.

If you are looking for a gay lipstick to wear with these shades, try Jane Seymour's lovely *Crazy Coral* which is one of the six colours in her new *Wonder Lipstick* range. The lipsticks themselves are silky and soft, and go on smoothly—an advantage when the lips are dry.

To accent the eyes, ask to see some of the enchanting new eye shades, with a fascinating mixture of two colours—blue-greens (in which blue predominates) and green-blues (in which green takes first place), silver-greys and grey-blues. Look out, too, for Revlon's new Automatic Roll-on Mascara. This is easy to use, long lasting and non-smudging—useful when you are enjoying a nice cry at the theatre or the cinema.

BEAUTY

The way you look this year

by JEAN CLELAND

*"Hullo, hullo, hullo,
It's a different girl again,
Different eyes, different nose,
Different hair, different clothes."*

NOW THAT THE YEAR has got into its swing, the pattern of beauty for 1959 has more or less taken shape. Let's take a look at it, starting with hair.

Most of the new styles are longer, and there is much less carelessness. The casual look seems to have given way to a smoother, sleeker line. This needs expert shaping and to assist in keeping the hair smooth there are two new preparations: one is a shampoo by Richard Henry of London, similar to the one used in their salons in Italy. This contains special oils that leave hair soft, shining and sleek. The other is Christy & Co.'s *Lano-Spray* which, with its lanolin content, not only holds the hair smoothly in place but gives it a lovely gloss. There is also a *Lano-Spray* with lacquer which is a heavier dressing designed to hold the hair whatever the weather and prevent it from going limp.

Paradoxically if you want to be right up to the minute, you may find yourself being taken back to the past and given a Victorian look. More than one leading hairdresser has succumbed to the Victorian influence. One in particular is Evansky. His soft and becoming version is shown on this page.

Those who like fringes will find that they are still in but with a difference. Most of them, instead of being worn straight, are given a slight parting in the middle, or brushed across to one side.

Colour is still much to the fore. Several fresh ways of highlighting the hair and glamorizing it have been introduced since last year. One is Xavier's new 3-D Colour Fashion.

When news of this came to me, I asked Mr. Xavier if he would explain exactly what it meant.

"In highlighting the hair in the old way,"

Hair cut into tiers to give a bud effect. It can be dressed for evening with a black and white feathered bandola. By Xavier



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Idyllic flowers painted on French Limoges porcelain add delicious luxury to bathroom accessories. Here, a set covered with bunches of softly shaded wild roses and full-blown flowers from the General Trading Company (also in other patterns). The small shelf, price: £2 13s. 6d. (there is a larger); towel rail, £2 13s. 6d.; double soapdish, £2 17s. 6d. (a single is available); paper holder, £1 15s.; tumbler or toothbrush stand, 16s. 6d. Matching tumblers cost 1 gn.



Counter spy

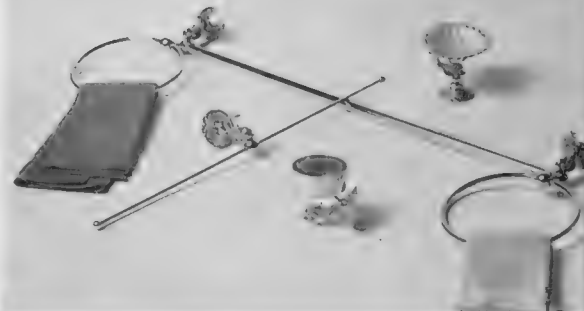
reports on the latest
bathroom luxuries

Godfrey Bonsack plans delightedly, and with much originality, bathroom interiors (besides others)—feeling that they are the last strongholds of relaxation left in a modern household. The bathroom must be properly heated. The bath, against a wall, should have a shelf on the wall for creams, bath salts and such things with one central tap only, the wall or walls surrounding the bath having a mirror above. The outside of the bath itself is not to be cold with spiky corners. It is covered with hard-board which has an inch of Dunlopillo on it and is finished with washable "Synthede" leather. This is "buttoned" with contrasting buttons into panels which give a padded look. The cupboards beneath the washbasin and its adjoining make-up table are similarly finished. This theme is one of a myriad of ideas which Mr. Bonsack has for enhancing a bathroom. His slightly Edwardian designs shown on this page are available at his shop at 25 Davies Street, W.1.

For papering bathrooms, Coles of 18 Mortimer Street have (besides their selection of unglazed wallpapers) a variety of extra large glazed French wallpapers (about £2 a roll) in some appealing designs. To glaze normal wallpaper they charge about 10s. a roll, and take about a week to ten days to do it. One of their latest imports is from Spain. It is made of the thinnest cork pressed on to water resistant oil paint. The colour of this seeps through the cork, giving a water-colour "wash" effect restful to the eye. In various colours. It costs about £4 per roll, each roll being five yards long by 30 inches wide.

Minette Shepard

Gaily sporting dolphins are Godfrey Bonsack's newest idea for bathrooms. The warm glitter of gilt lacquer covers them so they don't need cleaning. The large towel rail costs £11, the smaller one £5 17s. 6d. There is a tumbler holder (price: £5 17s. 6d.) and a soap dish (price: 5 gns.)



Pictures in bathroom or cloakroom may be out of the question for some, but for those who enjoy them the General Trading Company have a few of these old car advertisements (about 2 gns.), elegantly mounted and framed, or a selection of Peymet illustrations (about 25s.) colourfully mounted

Addicts of lustre should visit the Portmeirion Shop, 7 Pont Street, S.W.1, where there is a remarkable selection of pink Welsh lustre—a revival of an old craft. The pots and jars shown here are decorated in black and white. The pot for bath salts (or what you will) comes in three sizes, prices: 1 gn., 17s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. Another, shaped like an apothecary's jar, comes in two sizes; prices: £2 and £1 15s. An oval jar for cotton-wool costs 30s.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL PEPPE



LANCÔME

SCULPTURALE—SERUM NECK CREAM
REJUVENATES THE WHOLE APPEARANCE OF YOUR NECK.

TOPAZE—MOISTURISING LOTION
YOUR NECK WILL REACT LIKE A WATERSTARVED PLANT TO SPRING RAIN.

EMPREINTE DE BEAUTE—BEAUTY MASK
WHITENS—TIGHTENS AND SMOOTHS NECK WRINKLES.

GALATEIS SOAP—WITH SPECIAL INGREDIENTS FOR NECK BEAUTY.

YOUR SPECIAL NECK TREATMENT



MOTORING

A sex bar for drivers in A.D. 2000?

by GORDON WILKINS



Firebird III: The sexes are segregated

WHAT IS THE FUTURE of the automobile? Will the year 2000 see people travelling long distances in streamlined cars under automatic control on super highways? Or will growing congestion and onerous speed limits have forced us to abandon cars as a means of long-distance travel? Will aircraft and high-speed railcars take over for long distances, carrying passengers who will hire cars for local use at their destinations? At present we have not made up our minds. If the car is to be relegated to short local journeys, something like the 2 CV Citroën will do; it need not be much more complicated than a lawn-mower. But if it is to survive as a means of long-distance transport the car seems doomed to be burdened with complex automatic-control devices to reduce driver error.

On this page are two of the experimental projects evolved by manufacturers.

Firebird III, a roadborne missile with fins sprouting in all directions, is the third experimental turbine car built by General Motors and the 37th dream car they have produced in the past 13 years. It has no steering wheel and no pedals. It is controlled entirely by a small lever between the seats, which can be used by either occupant. Push the lever forward and the car accelerates; pull it back to stop. Push it to the left to turn left, push it to the right to turn right. And finally you rotate the knob on top of the lever to select forward or reverse gear, or engage the parking lock.

Steering impulses are transmitted to the wheels via a complicated electronic-computer system which varies the sensitivity with speed. The same lever movement which will swing the car round a right-angled corner at low speed will only produce a slight change of direction at high speeds, so guarding against panic movements by the driver.

There are two engines: a 225-h.p. gas turbine at the rear which drives the car and a little light alloy piston engine in the nose

which drives an electric generator for the electronic nerve centre. There is a low-pressure hydraulic pump for the steering and braking servos and a high-pressure pump for the self-levelling oleo-pneumatic springs.

Normal drum brakes are used, not discs as on Firebird II. They have an anti-locking device to prevent skids and are supplemented by air brakes for high speeds. There is also a transmission brake consisting of discs running in oil.

The Firebird is obviously destined for super highways. It does not have indepen-

mechanical devices eventually.

Detroit engineers are not the only ones who have their flights of fancy. The Simca Fulgur shows that European engineers are looking ahead, too. Alas, it is not yet a working car; merely a full-scale model. The front wheels steer the car up to about 90 m.p.h., then they are retracted and the car rides on its rear wheels only, steered and held at the correct angle to the road by the twin servo-operated rudders at the rear.

It is driven by electric motors in the rear wheels (operated by batteries in the tail)



The Simca Fulgur tucks away its front wheels at 90 m.p.h.



dent suspension and the complicated oleo-pneumatic springing system is mainly intended to prevent pitching and keep the car at a constant level regardless of the load it has to carry. It is fitted with antennae to pick up control signals from cables buried in the highways of the future so that the driver will be able to select his cruising speed and then sit back and admire the scenery, leaving the electronic brain to look after the steering and braking.

The drive goes through a fairly conventional automatic transmission. Just as no one pretends any more that jet aircraft are simple and easy to maintain, engineers are now dropping the early claims that turbine cars would not need gearboxes. The search for maximum efficiency complicates most

but it is intended to operate eventually by electric induction from power cables buried in the motorways. Steering and braking are intended to be automatic on motorways. If the radar gear detects an obstacle on the road ahead, the car is stopped automatically, and the driver has a TV screen to show him what is going on.

Both these cars have ribbon-type headlamps in the nose, which are supposed to be switched in automatically at dusk.

No one seems to have invented the most important electronic control of all; one which will steer the car automatically to a vacant parking place.

For many of us the pleasure of driving lies in controlling a powerful and sensitive machine, in the constant exercise of judgment and the satisfaction of trying to do something well. It may be that the fast cars of the future will demand greater skill and judgment than the average person possesses, but if the transistors and computers are to take over I think I would rather travel by air and catch up on my reading or writing.

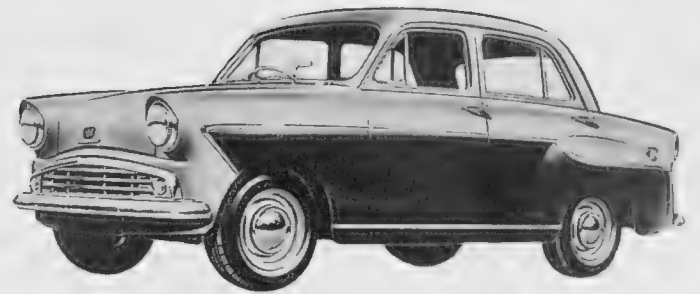
I am also a little disturbed by the vision of the future conjured up by so many of these American dream cars, with the sexes aseptically separated in their little individual plastic domes. Give me an old-fashioned sports car with a pretty girl in the second seat and you can keep the electronics.



The Ferodo Gold Trophy for the outstanding British contribution to motor racing, won outright by Mr. G. A. Vandervell, was presented to him by the chairman, Mr. F. Sutcliffe. Watching, Stirling Moss and Tony Brooks

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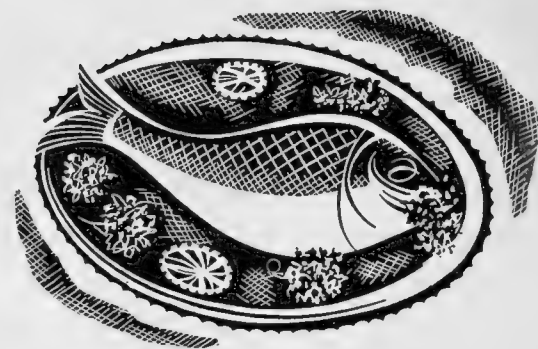
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DINING IN

Violets in the fish kettle

by HELEN BURKE

LITTLE FISH ARE not only neglected by those who write on food but also even by those housewives who are always searching for variety. Now, before the season of three of these small fish comes to a temporary end, here are some thoughts on smelts, sprats and whitebait.

Smelts, as befits their relationship with salmon, come first. They are a delicately-flavoured, somewhat translucent fish, 4 to 12 inches long, larger than sprats and more expensive. One book of reference tells us that they are sweet-smelling, some folk thinking that they have the aroma of cucumbers and others of violets! I must say that both of these have escaped me.

More often than not, smelts are fried, either in deep or shallow hot fat (vegetable or lard). First: clean them through the gills but handle them carefully as they bruise easily. Dip them in milk, drain, then pass them through seasoned fine breadcrumbs, next into beaten egg and once more into breadcrumbs. Then, holding each by the tail so as not to disturb the wonderful thick coat, drop them into the hot fat and leave them there just long enough to cook the coating to a golden brown. Drain well on absorbent paper.

It is a little easier to dip the fish in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs or flour before frying.

In each case pass with the fish barely melted butter in which freshly-milled pepper and enough lemon juice to sharpen the flavour have been beaten.

Smelts are also delicious when poached in a little water and dry white wine for the minimum of time and served with a creamy horse-radish sauce—that is, a little horse-radish, lemon juice and almost stiffly beaten cream, blended together. And they are even better when served cold.

Sprats can be treated in the same ways. Being of the herring family, however, they supply so much of their own fat that it is not a bad idea to bake them in a hot oven. I remember the Ministry of Food's kitchen practically discovering this method for sprats. This was at a time when there was so little fat available they suggested sprinkling a little salt on a baking tin, sprinkling the cleaned fish with

flour, placing them on the salt and baking them until they were cooked. This had the further advantage of lessening the cooking aroma of the sprats which is so much like that of herrings.

But when sprats are smoked, you have something wonderful! Perfectly delicate! It is, of course, a finicky job to skin the little fish and get off the morsels of flesh (for that is all they are), but the effort is well worth while. For my part, I would rather have a good dozen of smoked sprats than one dried smoked trout—and that goes for buckling, too.

When we come to whitebait, we touch on an altogether different "kettle of fish"! Though they are the fry of the herring, they are something of tiny aristocrats—so much so, indeed, that you will find them on the menus of the grand restaurants. And crunchy cooked whitebait are the easiest of all fish to eat—heads, tails, bones and everything!

Here is the way to deal with whitebait: the fish must be fresh so buy them from a good fishmonger who will have only the really small ones. Pick them over to get rid of any other Lilliputian sea-folk which may have managed to creep in. Place them in a colander and gently rinse them through under the cold-water tap. Drain them well and dry them on a linen cloth.

For either fried or devilled whitebait, have ready another cloth coated with flour. Spread the whitebait on it and, using the cloth, turn them this way and that so that each is coated with the flour.

Have the frying-basket heating in the deep hot fat. Drop the whitebait into it and leave until they are beginning to brown. Lift the basket and drain the fish into the pan. Let the fat come up to a good heat again and lower the basket of fish into it. This second immersion ensures crisp fish, and having the basket heated in the fat at the beginning makes sure that the temperature is not lowered more than is necessary in the first place.

Sprinkle the drained fish with salt and freshly milled pepper and serve. For the "devil" of it, sprinkle them with Cayenne, too, and pass quartered lemons and buttered brown bread.

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DINING OUT

A candle in Kensington

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

IF YOU WANT to surprise a hardened "diner out" or delight guests from some other country (especially from the U.S.A.), I can think of few better places to take them than the Kensington Restaurant at 20 Kensington High Street.

Victor Dyer re-opened this restaurant in 1952 but its history dates back for over ninety years. Then a famous pub "The Civic Cat" occupied the corner opposite the church.

Victor is full of ideas. In the porch you are greeted by an enormous candle five feet high and four feet round. He started it with one candle in a bottle placed in the middle of a large flat copper cooking pan. Thousands upon thousands of candles burnt during the last six years have made it its present size. If the wind blows hard it is wheeled inside. Meanwhile it has become famous as the street's cigarette light.

Once inside you find yourself in a beautifully panelled bar. Where a high picture rail would run, there are hundreds of wine bottles and, within reach, a valuable collection of musical boxes—some of them of great age. All are in working order, including one seven feet high with steel rods two feet wide. Carved wooden figures whistle to each other, birds sing in gilded cages; they even have an ancient photograph album full of family portraits which plays as you turn over the pages.

If you get involved with the musical boxes (which Victor loves to demonstrate), while you help yourself to a Scotch out of the bottle (no measures used here), you are quite likely to forget to go into the restaurant at all.

The cuisine is basically French, but perhaps international is a better word. Some of the speciali-

ties of the maître chef de cuisine, Anthony Arens (who is of Dutch origin), are such delicacies as Poulet à la Kiew (I bet somebody says it should be spelt Kief) at 15s.; escalope de veau crème aux champignons, 16s.; filet de boeuf marchand de vin, 16s. They are very proud of their Paté Maison at 7s. 6d.

The wine list contains some fine wines such as Hospice de Beaune Corton 1950, 80s.; château-bottled Cheval Blanc '52 at 65s., or a Schloss Johannisberger Auslese, estate-bottled Furst von Metternich '53 at 70s.

In case you think you have to be a millionaire to enter the door—there are some excellent clarets and Burgundies from 23s.

The restaurant is attractive to the eye; the silver and napery of high quality, many of the tables lit by candelabra. There is also an additional room to the restaurant decorated in much the same style with some fine wine glasses on show in glass cases. This room can be used for private dinner parties for anything up to 50 people.

You are welcome to visit the extensive wine cellar which is papered from top to bottom with thousands of wine bottle labels. If you have an unusual coin on you, or if you come from abroad, one from your own country, you can add it to a collection for the wall and autograph the adjacent label.

You can also visit the kitchens, cold stores and preparation rooms, which are large, spacious and well air-conditioned.

As a final distinction: they bake their own bread!

If Victor Dyer makes every effort to interest his customers and provide them with first-class cuisine and comfort, so did a gentleman named John Scott in 1812, according to the advertisement he placed in the *Staffordshire Advertiser* on Saturday, 16 May of that year. Here it is: "Roe-Buck Inn, Newcastle-under-Lyme: John Scott most respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry and Commercial Gentlemen, that he has entered upon the above old established Inn, and will use his utmost endeavour to render every department of the undertaking subservient to their comfort and accommodation, and trusts by unremitting attention to the various parts of his business to merit their countenance and support. Neat Post Chaises with steady Drivers."

A visitor from Oslo, Mr. Harald Greig-Martens, managing director of the Viking Hotel, behind the bar at Isaac Bickerstaff's flat



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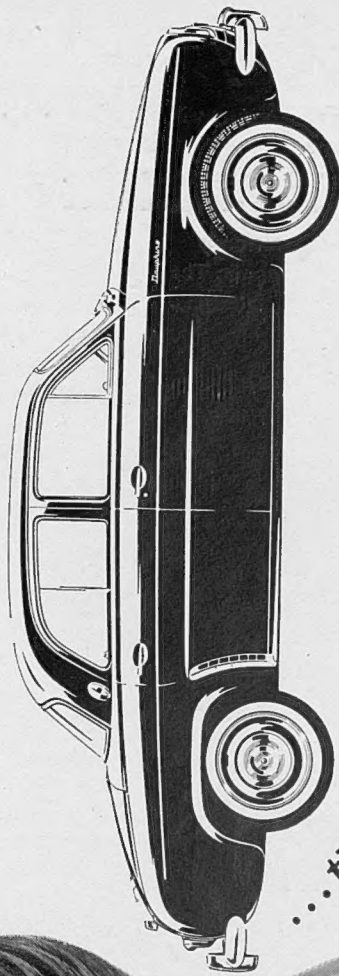
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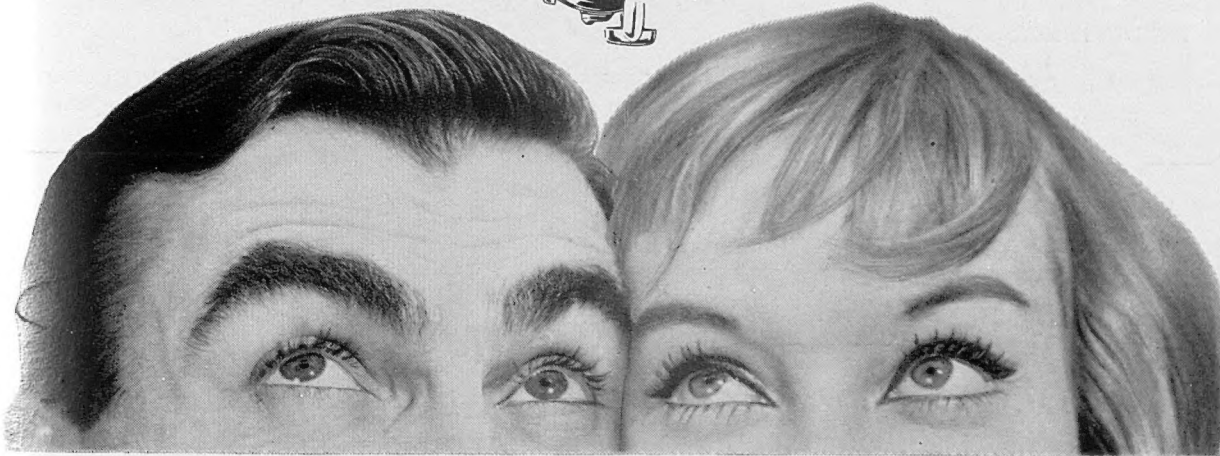
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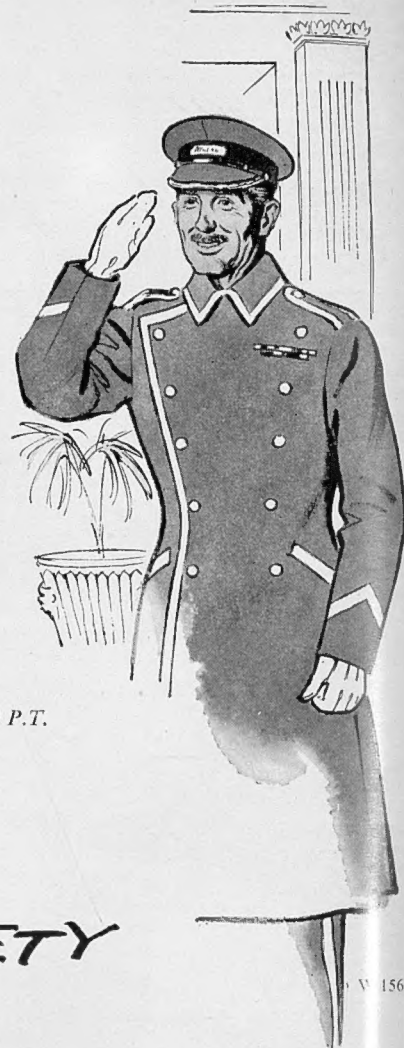
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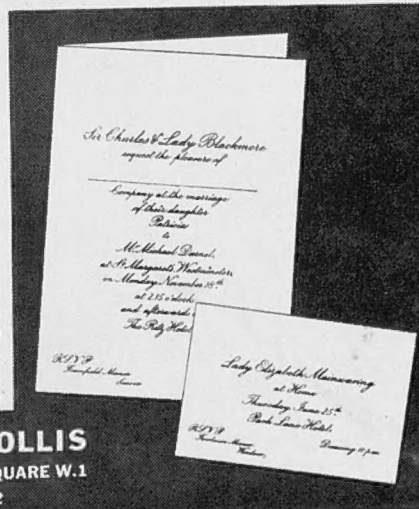
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Schweppshire Guide

to
public
speaking

NO. 1 HOW TO MAKE A JOLLY GOOD SPEECH

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You, too, can be a Plunkington: and Schweppshire Research is on hand to tell you how he does it. Our analysis of 100 ten-minute P. speeches proves that it is a question of shape. And it is a question of timing (in mins. and secs.):

Begin with surprise (0'00") at being asked to speak: but (0'15") be tremendously honoured. 0'35", joke against self leading to Joke 2—amusing reference to chief Lady Guest which (a) refers to her in pig-tails and (b) plausibly underestimates her age by ten years. At 1'50", use reserve joke if (2) has misfired. Then suddenly (2'30") look tremendously solemn. Even say—2'33"—that something must be becoming increasingly obvious. 3'40", try applause-extractor (A) ("Wonderful work been done by..."). Then after 3½ mins. padding, turn to most important or only titled person present and make flattering reference without actually mentioning him by name. 7'40" refer humorously to staff and then slide into top gear for the finish.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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